

The history

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,
This infant warrior in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Dowglas, tane him once,
Enlargd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops grace of York, Dowglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore do I tel these newes to thee?
Why Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shal not find it so,
And God forgie them that so much haue swaide
Your maiesties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauors in a bloody maske,
Which washt away shall scoure my shame with it,
And that shal be the day when ere it lights,
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled, For the time will come
That I shal make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

of Henry the fourth.

And I will call him to so strickt account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise heere,
The which if he be pleasd I shall performe:
I do beseech your maiesty may salue
The long grown wounds of my intemperance,
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge and soueraine trust herein.
How now good blunt thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Dowglas and the English Rebels met
The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsbury,
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
If promises be kept on euery hand,
As euer offred soule play in a state.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fife daies old.
On Wednesday next, Harry you shall set forward,
On thursday we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account
Our businesse valued some twelue daies hence,
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet:
Our hands are full of businesse, lets away,
Aduantage feedes him fat while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not false away vilely since this last action?
do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skinne hangs about
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an oulde
apple Iohn, Well, ile repent and that suddainly, while I am in

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